

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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GOETHE'S EPICRAMS FROM VENICE.—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

POETRY is an agreeable trade; but I find it expensive
As I get on with my book, so I get rid of my cash.

J. O.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

WHEN, after twenty-three years of war, the peace of Europe was guaranteed by the convention of Neuilly, the minds of the people at home were once more turned to the cultivation of those delightful recreations which are the charm of social intercourse. Music, the most beautiful and humanising of the arts, became generally popular; and its progress in England, during the last thirty years, has been remarkable. But while the dramatic works of Italian and French composers were exclusively adopted in our theatres and concert-rooms, the sacred school was neglected, and it was not until the festival at Westminster Abbey, in 1834, that it was felt how large a treasure of music had lain for almost a century unexplored. This led to the projection of the Sacred Harmonic Society, devoted exclusively to the study of the sacred composers, and which speedily drew together large numbers of the choral amateurs of the metropolis. The public soon experienced the benefit of this association, and were made cognizant of the beauties so long hidden from them. The Society continually brought forward new works of magnitude, while the rate of admission to the concerts was fixed so low that all classes were enabled to enjoy the advantage offered. But—

"As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on"—

the public, by degrees, became more intimately acquainted with these newly found treasures, and demanded a more perfect interpretation. And here the Society was at a standstill. We have continually endeavoured to shew the absolute necessity of progress in this essential particular. But our words and advice were unheeded. We hinted at the possibility of rivalry; but our hint was disregarded. Rivalry, at length, however, came into the field; and whilst the present association, with its magnificent resources, was kept in the rear by the spirit of indifference, others were reaping the fruit of its planting. Ultimately, however, the scales fell from the eyes of the Society; they saw the precipice near which they stood, and by a bold step were saved. The first alteration in the government of affairs, however, to which we need no more than allude, was not enough. Another was essential, as we frequently argued in these columns. We insisted, that to place the Society in its proper position the change must be radical. This has at last been effected. The *baton* has been

accepted by a gentleman in every way competent to wield it, under whose superintendence we have little hesitation in predicting that the Sacred Harmonic Society will obtain European fame.

The first point to which Mr. Costa turned his attention was the re-modelling of the orchestra, in which he has been met by the Committee of the Society in the most liberal manner. The result we shall give in the words of a correspondent.

"Among the most important changes is the raising of the orchestra. Hitherto the flatness of the portion allotted to the chorus, particularly at the back, has prevented their having a full view of the conductor, and considerable power has been lost from the voices not being sufficiently raised above each other. Each row of the chorus now rises sixteen inches above the one immediately in front of it, enabling the singers to have a clear view of the *baton*, and sufficiently elevating them above those immediately before to give full effect to each voice. The instrumental portion of the orchestra has participated more largely in improvement than even the choral department. The front has been brought out considerably, in the same way as at the first amateur festival held in Exeter Hall, in 1834, and Mr. Costa's arrangement of the instruments, which is nearly similar to the present Philharmonic orchestra, presents great advantages. The violoncellos and double basses, increased in number to fourteen each, in place of being arranged along the front, as formerly, are, with the exception of the principals, placed at the sides and back of the other instruments and nearer the chorus. This allows the accompanying instruments to be brought closer to the principal singers, and immediately under the controul of the conductor, in front of whom they are disposed in the form of a semi-circle. The advantages gained are, greater support to the chorus, increased depth of tone in the forte passages, while the placing more prominently the violins brings them out with greater brilliancy, and the wind instruments being nearer the conductor and closer together adds much to the *ensemble* of the orchestra. Another important point is placing the drums in the centre immediately under the organist. The organ has been much altered and improved; the harsh mixtures and sesquialtras have been removed, and their place supplied by unison stops; it has been re-tuned on the equal temperament system, according to the continental practice. Formerly, in any other than the open keys, it was sadly out of tune, and when combined with wind instruments without the crash of the whole orchestra, in any other than the keys named, the dissonance was very great. These alterations have rendered this very huge instrument, in the hands of the present able organist (Mr. Brownsmith), and under the controul of the talented *maestro*, a much more valuable accessory to the performances than hitherto. The removal of the unsightly iron railing in front of the platform at public meetings, and the concentration of the instruments, has allowed the chorus to be brought more forward. The *alti*, among whom are several ladies and boys, (a great improvement, particularly in modern music, in which the alto part is written much higher than in the oratorios of Handel,) now occupy the place of the *bassi*, and they, in turn, coming more forward into the room, tell out with as much effect as under the advantages they obtained by their former position. The *tenori*, likewise, participate in this improvement.

"A considerable addition has been made to the chorus, which now comprises a number of the most efficient of the profession

Though last not least, the unsightly wooden conductor's *rostrum* has been removed, and his seat placed at the edge, and in front of the orchestra, enabling him to overlook each individual of this large mass of musicians, and placing the principal singers in full view of him. Minor improvements have also been effected; such, for instance, as new stands throughout the orchestra, which, made principally of iron, absorb in a much less degree the tone produced; the erection of additional staircases and entrances to the orchestra, and the formation of large lobbies and waiting-rooms, reducing the long delay hitherto necessary between repasts; and the lowering the front of the orchestra, admitting the full effect of the instruments reaching the audience. These improvements have done much for a building not originally erected for musical purposes, and the directors of Exeter Hall have now good reason to be proud of the appearance of the orchestra as fitted up on Wednesday evening for the performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society, occupying a width of seventy-six feet (eleven feet more than the Town Hall at Birmingham), and filled with 700 performers! an *ensemble* which may safely challenge comparison with any similar institution in Europe."

On Wednesday night the effect of the new arrangements was fairly tested. It was the Society's first performance for the season. *Elijah* was the oratorio, and the choice was doubly to be commended; first, because it was the greatest attraction that could be offered to the public; second, because it was a just tribute to the memory of Mendelssohn, since whose melancholy death scarce a twelvemonth had elapsed. The hall was crammed full, at which we were by no means astonished. The list of principal singers was very strong:—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss A. Duval, Mr. Lockey, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. J. A. Novello, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Smythson.

On Mr. Costa's appearance in the orchestra he was welcomed by a long and enthusiastic burst of applause that triumphantly testified how entirely subscribers and the public approved of the step which the committee had hazarded in placing him at the head of the musical affairs of the society. It is unnecessary for us to reiterate our opinion of the beauty and magnificence of *Elijah*, Mendelssohn's *chef d'œuvre* and last grand work, which we have already placed, and which more intimate acquaintance with it encourages us to persist in placing by the side of the *Messiah* and the *Israel* of Handel. Nor is it necessary for us to enter into any details about the manner in which the accomplished English vocalists, whose names we have just cited, executed their part of the oratorio, praise having so often been justly bestowed upon them on previous occasions, when engaged in the same honorable task. Misses Birch, Dolby, and A. Williams, and Messrs. Lockey and Phillips have all sung frequently in this oratorio, and on several occasions under the lamented composer's own direction; they are consequently familiar with the traditions of his manner of interpretation, which, added to their own high artistic merits, ensured a delivery of the solos, duets, and concerted pieces allotted to them as nearly perfect as is humanly practicable. We record with great pleasure that on no occasion have we heard them sing more zealously and effectively; they had the memory of Mendelssohn in their hearts; they all knew and venerated him; he was to all of them a warm friend and a generous adviser. They will, we are certain, then, be better pleased with this simple and general tribute to the excellence they displayed on Wednesday night, and to the one feeling that animated all of them, than with any particular and separate panegyrics which might be addressed to all or any of them individually.

The entire interpretation of *Elijah*, on Wednesday night, was so far superior to anything ever previously heard at Exeter Hall that little doubt was left of the wisdom involved in the recent alterations in the constitution of the Society.

The improvement in the band alone was a point for continual praise. The stringed instruments, especially the first violins and violoncellos, were powerful and brilliant. The points for the horns and wood instruments were brought out, for the most part, with great delicacy and clearness. The trumpets were excellent. The trombones, though sometimes too loud, were always well together. The drums, also too loud sometimes, were in other respects admirable. In short, the general effect of the band was such as to stamp the innovations of Mr. Costa with the impression of unequivocal success. The choral department, which has also been considerably strengthened, scarcely less decisively declared, by its improved efficacy, its decision, and its attention to light and shade, the influence of the new conductor. In regard to the *pianos* we must say that this is the first time we have heard them accomplished at the performances of this Society with anything like accuracy. Examples were offered of Mr. Costa's influence in this particular, in the two choruses, "Blessed are the men that fear him," and "He watching over Israel," which were delivered with exquisite delicacy. But the most remarkable proof in the whole performance of the practicability of obtaining, under competent direction, a real *pianissimo*, occurred at the impressive passage on the words "Before Him on your faces fall," in the chorus, "The fire descends from Heaven." As instances of fine *ensemble* and striking grandeur of effect we may cite the chorus in D minor into which the overture leads, the overpowering hymn of praise at the end of the first part, "Thanks be to God," the noble chorus in G, so full of the strength which is the result of faith, "Be not afraid," and the final chorus in D major, "Lord, our Creator," which we never heard anywhere so finely given. The choral recitatives were all well and steadily executed, and the choral accompaniments to the duet, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid," (on the words, "Lord, bow down thine ear to our prayer,") and to the superb quartet "Holy, holy," were sung with exceeding delicacy and remarkable precision. Nor must we forget to speak of the choral responses in the scene with Jezebel and the people, ending with the appalling "Woe to him, he shall perish," which were capably rendered; the chorus just named being, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of execution on all hands that the evening's performance afforded. This wonderful piece of music, which so powerfully embodies the avenging fury of an enraged and infatuated multitude, was one of the additions made by Mendelssohn after the first performance of *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival of 1846. It is full of bold harmonies, and very difficult to execute with certainty of intonation. Judging by our recollection of previous attempts at Exeter Hall, the almost faultless execution of this chorus on Wednesday night must have cost Mr. Costa no little trouble. The result, however, was quite a triumph for him, and for the forces under his control, who, when well directed are capable of doing wonders.

There were many places on which criticism might have fastened in the course of the performance; but Mr. Costa, being only human, cannot be expected to vie with Hercules and cleanse this Augean stable in one night's labour. We willingly give him the entire season to test the influence of his controul, and have no doubt of the issue. Passing over the minor defects that we might have specified, therefore, we shall merely allude to the times at which the overture and the wonderfully picturesque chorus "Behold God the Lord passed by" were taken. Mendelssohn used to direct both of them faster, the last especially much faster; and we agree with Mendelssohn. The overture in other respects was

admirably played; the opening for the basses was beautifully rendered, soft and pointed at the same time; the *crescendo* was dexterously managed, and the gradual climax, ending with the first chord of the subsequent chorus, "Help God," splendid, and in all respects satisfactory. The "Behold God the Lord passed by" was also on the whole a fine performance, in spite of the misconception of the *tempo*, and in spite of the occasional obstreperousness of the trombones. To conclude this part of our story, we would call Mr. Costa's attention to the second part of the chorus in C minor, "Yet doth the Lord see it not," beginning "For he the Lord our God." In this the intonation of the chorus was unsteady and wavering, especially at the closes of each phrase of four bars, where the harmony was indistinctly expressed. In the two closes on the dominant it was not easy to distinguish whether the chord was intended to be G major or G minor, the B naturals, on the one hand, and the B flats on the other, being equally obstinate in their opinion.

The feeling of the public was manifested at the end of each part, the new law of custom precluding encores and other noisy exhibitions of approval. This was, however, several times attempted to be broken through, but only once with entire success. After Miss Dolby had sung the beautiful air, "Oh, rest in the Lord," the audience would take no denial; Mr. Costa yielded, and Miss Dolby repeated the air. Another attempt was nearly, but not quite, successful, after the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," sung by Misses A. Williams, Dolby, and Duval. After the chorus, "Thanks be to God," at the end of the first part, however, the enthusiasm of the public, so long restrained, broke out into vehement cheering, which lasted for some time.

Nothing could be more gratifying than Mr. Costa's reception, both previous to and after each part of the oratorio. It plainly evinced the unanimous satisfaction with which the new appointment to the conductorship is regarded. Altogether, Wednesday night will be memorable in the annals of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

We heard Mr. Henry Smart named as the organist, and cleverly as Mr. Brownsmith, the new organist, played Mendelssohn's part, we confess we were much disappointed at not seeing the former distinguished musician.

THE "MORNING CHRONICLE" AND EXETER HALL.

A curious specimen of twaddle appears in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, in strange contrast with the manner in which the musical department of that journal has been usually conducted. We refer to the notice of *Elijah*, performed at Exeter Hall on Wednesday night. Fancy, reader, an article proposing to render an account of a first-rate interpretation of Mendelssohn's masterpiece, in which the name of the great composer himself does not once occur! But this is not all; the common-places and grammatical inaccuracies that abound in the article, and the slipshod style of the whole, lead to the supposition that the tinsel of some obscure penny-a-liner had been accidentally inserted instead of the copy of the regular contributor. This inference can alone explain the appearance of an *olla podrida* of platitudes and clumsiness in the columns of such an influential and well-conducted paper as the *Chronicle*. Can it be that the critic whom we have recently, on several occasions, found so much pleasure in praising, and whose articles we have even gone so far as to cite in our own columns, was *non-compos* on Wednesday night, and full of Bacchus, reeled to the office to splash a few hurried sentences upon paper in record of the most important musical event of the entire season? This might account for what

otherwise must be accounted unaccountable. But we are loth to explain the matter thus.

That what we have said of the article may not be considered preposterous, let us cite some passages from its brief proximity:—

"The Sacred Harmonic Society resumed their performances last night at Exeter Hall, under very favorable auspices."

There is a *bonhomme* about this which is captivating, and almost redeems the absurdity of all the rest. It involves a *truism* which is equivalent to saying "Exeter Hall is a large building, and holds a great many people." It smacks of the simplicity of a young scribbler, new to the ordinary topics of the press, and is quite in the style of some of the *Observer* articles on which our friend *Punch* was wont to be so severe. Some observations on the new arrangement of the orchestra follow, which will be read with hilarity by our musical friends:—

"A few days ago we gave a sketch of the alteration made in the arrangements of the orchestra: their effect is decidedly to improve its efficiency and produce a finer *ensemble* of instrumental and vocal performers. (PERFORMERS!!) The general raising of the orchestra gives to its vast mass an increased GRANDEUR (*grandeur*—to chairs, stools, and music-desks!!); while the elevation of the chorus, row by row, each above the other, gives the conductor more command; and as the chorus rise to sing, a striking effect is produced upon the eye in aid of THAT UPON THE EAR!! The projection of the front of the orchestra, and the removal of the balustrade, is an improvement, giving greater prominence to the vocalists. The re-arrangement of the orchestra ALSO tells well."

"The re-arrangement of the orchestra ALSO tells well," after a description of a dozen lines devoted to a panegyric and explanation of the said "re-arrangement," is sublime. Six lines, and a half of superfluous reiteration follow, which we shall take the liberty to omit. What comes next out—herods Herod:—

"The chief interest of the evening lay in the first appearance of Mr. COSTA, IN THE CHARACTER OF CONDUCTOR."

Poor Mr. Costa! After nearly twenty years of severe service at the Italian Operas, after being three years director of the Philharmonic orchestra, after, by hard work, unremitting zeal, and rare intelligence, having earned for himself the highest reputation that it is possible to gain in his peculiar sphere of art, to have his *debut* recorded, in the month of November, *Anno Domini*, 1848, in the columns of one of the first journals of the empire! Poor Mr. Costa!

After nine lines and a half of verbiage, which we spare our readers, the following magnificent axiom comes upon us like sudden inspiration to a vacant mind:—

"The best orchestra and the best conductor cannot assimilate by intuition."

"Assimilate by intuition!" Will Mr. Flowers or Mr. Aspull, who exchange so many hard words with each other, favor us with an explanation? We should also be glad to know from the learned disciple of Vogler, or his sturdy opponent (to whom else can we apply?) what is intended by "the instruments more immediately accompanying the chief singers," which occurs in the first six lines and a half of superfluous reiteration that we have benevolently omitted. Either they accompany or do not accompany. To accompany *more immediately* means something (if it has a meaning) that would puzzle either Costa or Balfe to explain. Six more lines of twaddle we take leave to 'throw into the basket.'

"The spirit of the music, and the conception of the composer, were completely developed."

Beautiful tautology! The spirit of the music and the conception of the composer are surely one and the same thing,

and *vice versa*. An article of two columns, "unleaded," might easily be made out of such senseless repetitions, even by a critic full of Bacchus. Sixteen lines and a half of common-places we further omit for the benefit of our readers. One more bit and we have done:—

"Miss Birch, especially, showed a fine appreciation of her theme in the scene, from 'Oh man of God!' to the close of the first part."

"In the scene from 'Oh man of God!'" Once more we appeal to the Voglerians and Anti Voglerians for an explanation. We doubt if they can give it, experienced as they have shown themselves in metaphor.

And in all this mess of words and phrases signifying nothing not once does the name of Mendelssohn occur, albeit the article professes to be *apropos* of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The truth is it is *apropos des boîtes*, and we do but wonder however it got into the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, which has for so many years earned and deserved a high name among the musical authorities of the press.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

(Translated from the German.)

BOOK I.

OF THE ORIGIN OF ART, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS DIFFERENCE IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

CHAP. II.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 693.)

V. CARDINAL ALEXANDER ALBANI has given a place in his magnificent villa to some of the finest specimens; and among them is Argos, working at the ship of the Argonauts, together with another male figure, probably Tiphys, the steersman of this vessel, and Minerva, who is fastening the sail cloth to the mast. This specimen, with two broken ones, taken from the same mould, was found with other fragments of similar clay works in relief in the wall of a vineyard before the Porta Latina, where they were used instead of tiles.

VI. The ordinary size of works in relief of this kind is equal to that of the large tablets of clay (which cannot be called tiles), and may be reckoned as above three palms square. These tablets, which are generally used for arches, are, as well as these works, burned to such a degree that they give a fine sound when struck, and suffer from neither damp, heat, nor cold (a).

VII. I cannot resist this opportunity of observing that from Pliny's information it appears that the old artists, who worked in bronze, made their moulds of a compound of clay and the finest wheat flour. What Pliny says about the modelling of statues, invented by Lysippus, is not credible, at least as this writer states it; indeed his words are not gospel in matters of art, and he often seems to speak from mere hearsay. Perhaps the likenesses of celebrated men, which, according to the same authority, were sent by Varro into every country, were formed of gypsum, like the images of the deities possessed by the poor.

VIII. Of the other class of clay monuments, namely, of the painted vessels of the ancients, some thousand specimens are preserved, and these will be mentioned at large hereafter. The use of earthen vessels was continued from the earliest times in religious rites (b), after luxury had banished them from civil life. Many of them were kept by the ancients instead of porcelain, and served for ornament not for use; for there are some which have no bottom (c).

IX. The statues of the oldest Greeks, like their buildings, were made of wood before they were made of stone and

marble; so also were the palaces of the Median kings. In Egypt ancient figures of Sycamore wood are still found, and many museums contain specimens of the kind. Pausanias names the kind of wood of which the oldest images were carved (d); and that of the fig-tree was, according to Pliny, preferred on account of its softness (e). In the time of this writer there were still wooden statues in the most famous parts of Greece. Among others there was at Megalopolis in Arcadia a Juno of the kind, and an Apollo with the Muses, as well as a Venus and a Mercury by Demophon, one of the oldest artists. Even the statue of Apollo at Delphi was of wood, worked out of a single trunk, and sent thither by the Cretans. Especially remarkable are the Hilaira and Phœbe at Thebes (f), together with the horses of Castor and Pollux, made of ebony and ivory, as works of Dipœnus and Scyllis, who were pupils of Dædalus; and a Diana of the same kind at Tegæa in Arcadia; from the oldest times of art. A statue of Ajax at Salamis was made of the same wood. We find that wooden statues were still erected to the victors in the public Greek games in the sixty-first Olympiad; that is to say, in the times of Pisistratus (g). Even the celebrated Myron made a wooden Hecate at Ægina, and Diagoras, who was famed among the atheists of antiquity, cooked his food with a figure of Hercules when he was in want of wood (h). In course of time these figures were gilded both among the Egyptians and the Greeks (i). Gori possessed two Egyptian figures which had been gilded. At Rome a Fortuna Virilis (j), which had stood from the time of Servius Tullius, and was probably by an Etrurian artist, was still venerated under the first Roman emperors. After the time when wood was, as it were, rejected by sculpture, it yet remained as a material in which clever workmen displayed their art; and we find, for instance, that Cicero's brother, Quintus, had a candlestick (lychnuchus) carved at Samos, and therefore by an artist celebrated for this sort of work.

SELECT. VARIOIUM. NOTIS.

(a) Pliny makes mention of these works in clay, which are a sort of tiles, adding that the Greeks made them four and five palms long and broad, (*τετραπόπων, πενταπόπων*), and used them for large public buildings. Those which are found at Rome have for the most part the mark of the artificer who made them, or of the master of the workshop, with his name, together with that of the consul reigning at the time.

(b) It would be tedious to cite here all the different opinions of antiquarians respecting the use which the ancients made of the painted vessels of baked earth. Doubtless these vessels served for divers purposes, according to their make, partly for ornament, partly for real use. If we consider that most of those already existing are found in graves about corpses, the opinion of Böttiger, who is inclined to look upon them as being for the most part monuments of religious dedication, gains great probability. Hamilton makes conjectures somewhat similar. From the inscription which he has found on a vase of the sort, he deems it probable that they were destined from the first to be placed in the grave.—*Meyer*.

(c) Winckelmann here gives clay the first place among the materials employed by artists. Then follow wood, ivory, &c. With respect to clay he is probably right.—*Fea*.

(d) Theophrastus and Pliny, besides Pausanias. According to them the following woods were used for carving:—ebony, cypress, cedar, oak, yew, box, lotus, and in smaller works the roots of the olive. Besides these there were the fig-tree, the maple, the beech, the palm, the myrtle, the pear-tree, the linden, and the vine.—*Fea*.

(e) The willow, linden, birch, elder, and two species of the poplar were esteemed as much as the fig-tree. They were preferred to the other kinds of wood on account of not only their softness but their whiteness, lightness, and a certain closeness.—*Fea*.

(f) Not at Thebes, but at Argos there was a temple dedicated to Castor and Pollux, with their statues, and those of their wives Hilaira and Phœbe, and their two sons Anaxis and Mnasinous, made of ebony. Their horses were chiefly made of ebony, and the rest was of ivory.—*Fea*.

(g) Praxidamas of Ægina, who conquered in the pugilistic encounter in the 59th Olympiad, and Neridius an Oinutian (?) who held a place

among the Pancratiasts of the 61st, had statues erected to themselves at Olympia as the first pugilists. They were made of wood; that of Neridius of the fig-tree, and that of Praxidamas of the cypress.—*Fea and Meyer.*

(h) Clement of Alexandria, on this account, enumerates Diagoras among the wisest men of antiquity, because, by this action he had expressed his rational opinion about the images and gods of antiquity. According to Clement, the image must have been small, because Diagoras took it into his hands with the words, that he would do with it as Euristheus did with one of the same kind.—*Fea.*

Pausanias, especially in his second book, mentions many other statues and likenesses of wood which existed to his time, and among others an ancient figure of Apollo Lycius, which was made by the Athenian Attalus, and consecrated to the god at Argos, together with a temple of Danaus. He is, besides, of opinion that all statues of the oldest times, and especially the Egyptian, were made of wood. At Rome, as in all Italy, they always continued to make statues of the gods of wood, even after marble and brass were already in use, after the conquest of Asia.—*Meyer.*

(i) Herodot. ii., 129.

In the time of Pausanias there were standing at Corinth two wooden images of Bacchus, completely gilt, with the exception of the face, which was painted with vermillion.—*Fea.*

(j) It was not a statue of Fortuna Virilis, but a gilt statue of Servius Tullius in the temple of Fortune.—*Meyer and Siebelis.*

SONNET.

NO. CVIII.

THE world and I are not of one accord,
And when to me with kindness it speaks,
In me no answering kindness it wakes;
Because my heart with strange caprices stor'd
Is poor in sympathies; a honied word
Glances away, and no impression makes
On its hard surface;—for itself it aches.
The scabbard worn out by its rusty sword.
Yet from the world vainly I try to hide
With utmost pertinacity; for still
Equally persevering it pursues me.
There sits th' unwelcome demon by my side,
Who sometimes weeps but cannot make me feel,
Who sometimes laughs, but never can amuse me. N. D.

LETTERS TO AN MUSICAL STUDENT.

NO. II.

THE ORIGIN AND FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF HARMONY.

MY DEAR THEODORE!—I said in my first letter, that our music was preeminently of a *harmonious* character, and it now devolves upon me to show, that the same living spirit, which breathes through the melodious element of our art, dwells also in the element of *harmony*, and that the latter too has its origin in the very nature of the art. In order to prove this I must once more return to the source, from which flow all those outward actions and manifestations comprehended under the general name of art, viz., the inward working of the human soul. It is true, that all spiritual life of man consists in a constant change of ideas and emotions, each of which lasts for some time and then gives way to another; but this does not necessarily imply, that one idea or one sensation alone fills and occupies for a certain time the whole reasoning and feeling faculty in man, to the exclusion of any other thought or sensation. On the contrary, whilst the spirit and the soul is principally engaged by one *predominant* idea or sensation, there are constantly at work other subordinate thoughts and emotions, either of an opposite or similar character with the leading one, and, accordingly, either strengthening or modifying the latter; and the spiritual life of man thus resembles the phenomenon of the tides, which are aided or partly counteracted by simultaneous under-currents. Now if art be the faithful representation of man's spiritual life, it also must express this simultaneous existence of

different ideas and sensations—of which one, however, is always predominant—and this expression constitutes, what we call the *harmonious element*. For harmony in itself means nothing but the union of different things; it appears as well in the spiritual life of man as in its outward manifestation, and there is no art imaginable without harmony. It is the latter, the combination of different elements, which constitutes the *beauty* of art, and the old Greeks perceived this so well, that they not only made it the fundament upon which the whole order of things is based (*aporia*), but also represented the fair goddess herself as the result of a connubial intercourse between the two most opposed beings—Mars and Venus—in the back-room of father Vulcan's smithy. In this general signification, harmony therefore must form a necessary element in every art, and accordingly we find the term employed, not only in music, but also when the works of poetry, sculpture, painting, &c., are spoken of; but the term harmony, when used in musical language, has a peculiar meaning of its own, which requires a few observations, before I can enter upon its origin and character. Music and poetry, the only two arts which employ sound as their outward medium, represent the inward life of man in a *succession* of different forms, and we say, therefore, that they *move in time*; whilst sculpture, painting, and other arts, which employ visible and tangible materials, are said to *move in space*. All the productions of the latter prevent the simultaneous appearance of different elements united into one whole expression—their harmony is a harmony of space; whereas the former, poetry and music, reveal the spiritual life in man by a series of forms following in succession upon each other. Their productions appear every moment in a new shape, and the relation between each of these successive forms and the preceding and following ones constitute *their* harmony. In this sense harmony appears in the most simple productions of the musical art as well as poetry, it is the changes of high and low, of soft and strong, of harsh and mellow sounds; and melody itself may be said to be a *harmonious* succession of musical elements. Another idea, however, is attached to the term *harmony*, as used in regard to our present music; it is here not a succession, but a simultaneous appearance of different sounds. We call harmony the combined effect of sounds of different height striking the ear at the same time; and we say that our present music is preeminently of a *harmonious* character, because its chief feature consists in the simultaneous use of high and low sounds. Thus the word harmony in this sense expresses an idea quite different from that harmony which belongs to poetry also; it places music, as it were, partly amongst the arts of space; and the question arises, is this peculiar (and exclusively musical) harmony, like the other, an organic feature of the art of sound, or is it a more ingenious invention of man, to bring more variety and expression into the productions of the musical art? This question I promised to answer to-day, and in doing so I shall also be able to throw some additional light upon the subject of my first letter. Harmony, in the present acceptation of the word, is, comparatively speaking, of a very recent date; the first attempts to combine two or more different voices having only been ventured upon between the tenth and eleventh century.* It consisted at first solely in a succession of equal intervals, one voice singing a melody (*cantus firmus*) and another accompanying it in fourths or fifths up and down the scale. A similar sequence of equal intervals, (especially

* Huobald, who died 930 at St. Almand, in Flanders, gives the first account of a rude beginning in harmony in his celebrated *Musica Enchiridis*.

fourths and fifths) had already been attempted by some Greek musicians, and from a passage in Horace (Ep. 9)—

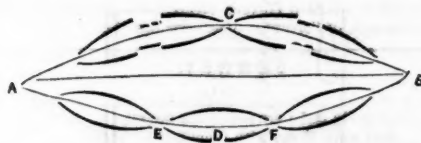
"Sonantè mistum tibiis carmen lyra
Hæc dorium, illis barbarum—"

it appears that even series of consecutive thirds were ventured upon; the lyre playing in the *Dorian* scale (C) and the flute in the *Lydian* (E) one, which is frequently called the *carmen barbarum* :—



Of two and more *independent* voices, however, neither the Greek nor any other nation before the eleventh century had any idea; and it was only at the last part of the eleventh century that the accompanying voices were freed from their slavish adherence to the movements of the melody. At the first sight this fact seems to argue in favour of the opinion, that harmony was not an original element of music, but an ingenious devise of man; and I hear you ask with some show of reason,—“If our system of harmony be indeed based upon organic laws, and form one of the original elements of the art of sound, how is it, that it made its appearance in music so very recently, and that even the most musical people amongst the ancients did not discover and make use of it?” To this I answer, that the fact of a thing having remained for a long time unknown, does not disprove its pre-existence; think of those elements in nature, called electricity and animal magnetism, how short a time ago has their existence been ascertained; and yet, who would doubt that they have always formed important agents in the organism of the world; and what revolution has their discovery produced in sciences and arts! It is by accident that these agents were discovered, and so it was with harmony in music. Scheming, reasoning man could not invent it,—it must be discovered, and science could only bear upon it, after a series of facts had been ascertained by repeated experiments. Persons found out by chance, that certain combinations of sounds made an agreeable impression upon the ear, after combinations were tried, and from these experiments were detected those laws, which form the present system of our harmony. Had human intelligence been able to find out this, the Greeks would have been long before in possession of a perfect system of harmony; for all that science and ingenuity could offer, was employed by them in the investigation of the musical art, and two thousand years ago they were already in possession of all those facts regarding the production of different sounds by means of a division of a vibrating string, which Mr. Barnett has put forth in elucidation of Vogler's system (*Musical World*, p. 648). The Chinese, too, had already, fifteen hundred years before our Christian era, almost as perfect a knowledge of the proportions of the different sounds, as we possess now, eighteen hundred years after that epoch.* And yet neither of these nations ever arrived at real harmony. A mathematical division of a vibrating string could only lead to find out the laws of oscillation by which different sounds are produced; but not to the simultaneous use of those sounds: and any system of harmony based upon the divisions of the *mono-chord*—like that of Vogler—far from being a natural one, bears upon its face the stamp of arbitrariness, however ingeniously it may have been planned. Where then is the

origin of harmony to be found? *It lies in every sound itself.* If you strike a chord (for instance, one of the lower chords on the piano), you will at first fancy to hear only one sound; but on listening more attentively, you will hear other feeble notes sounding below and above it, which form a real harmonious accompaniment to the principal one. This phenomenon is based on the fact, that whilst a vibrating body (a string, a bell, &c.) is performing those general oscillations which produce the principal sounds, some of its parts, which partaking of the general oscillations of the sounding body, perform at the same time vibrations of their own, which of course produce a higher and much fuller sound than the fundamental one. Or, if a string *A-B* be put into a vibrating motion, it will not only move in the general directions of *A C B* and *A D B*, but the parts *A C*, *C D*, and *A E*, *E F*, and *F B*, will at the same time move in the directions indicated here :—



and if the sound produced by the whole string be C, the parts *A C* and *A E* will produce at the same time feeble sounds respectively, an octave on a twelfth higher than the principal one. Here, then, you have the real origin of harmony: no sound exists by itself, but is accompanied by others produced by the same impulse, which gave birth to itself, and by this means only becomes an organic expression of the spiritual life in man. The principal sound (melody) expresses the leading idea, which momentarily moves the soul; the feebler ones are the medium by which subordinate feelings reveal themselves, and both together form one *harmonious entity*. These secondary sounds, the origin and laws of which Mr. Chladni was the first to explain and define, are called *harmonics*, or sometimes *acoustic** sounds, and they are not only the cause of the wonderful and truly enchanting strains of the æolian harp, but appear also in every body, producing a sound; and the notes, which may be obtained on a French horn, or a similar wind instrument without keys, are nothing else but harmonic sounds (with exception of the fundamental one). Harmony, then, is based on the physical nature of sound itself, and we have but to examine the laws by which the production of secondary sounds is regulated in order to obtain at once a natural and infallible system of harmony. Such an examination now shows us that every principal sound is accompanied by such acoustic ones as would be produced by the division of a string into two, three, &c., equal parts; or if the principal note of the sounding body (a string bell or horn) be C, the secondary ones will follow in this order :—

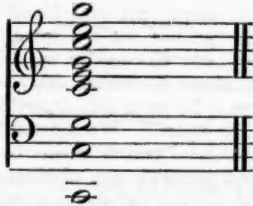


* See the interesting account of Amiot (*Memoires concernant l'histoire des Chinois*, Tome VI. Paris).

* Also, aliquot sounds.

of which the first four (*c, g, c, e*) are the easiest to be perceived by the ear, and the following sound so feebly that they can only be discovered under certain favourable circumstances. All of them can, however, be produced on a horn without any artificial means.

You see that the above series of sounds is the same as the one given in Mr. Barnett's letter, alluded to before; but as the way by which we have arrived at it is quite a different one from that which led Abbé Vogler to it, so are also the consequences which we shall deduce from it of a different character from those which constitute the basis of Vogler's system. I said just now, that the first four harmonic sounds are the most conspicuous, and may be discerned by the ear whenever a sound is produced with a sufficient degree of force. These sounds, therefore, constitute the fundamental harmony of the tonic; or if we give to it all sounds of the same name but occurring in different octaves we obtain this *tonal harmony* :—



containing all those sounds of the above series, over which I have placed the figure 1. This tonal harmony represents, like the tonic itself, the *momentum of rest*: it forms the foundation on which the harmony of the scale is based, and to which it must finally return. The other sounds present the momentum of motion and life, their character is restlessness, they can only last for a moment, and must dissolve themselves into the fundamental harmony. So we find it in nature: when a powerful bell is struck, or the wind breathing over the strings of an æolian harp, the last six sounds ($2B=G$) appear but for a moment and instantly die away in the tonal harmony, with the exception of the sixth sound (*bb*), which lingers for some time in the peaceful abode of the tonic like a faint voice from a distant world. If we throw out the latter sound there remain three which form a harmony of their own, viz.,



of whose unsatisfactory character every ear at once becomes convinced. But the highest sound of this group is the octave of a sound belonging to the first harmony; if we add this (*G*) to it we have a combination of four sounds producing a harmony which carries in itself the germs of its destruction. The link which connects the two harmonious masses is *G* (the fifth of the fundamental chord), and because it forms part of both harmonies we call it the governing sound, *Dominant*, and the harmonic mass whose fundament it is, the *Dominant Harmony*. The two harmonies—the tonal and dominant ones—present the two momenta of *rest* and *motion* in the same manner as did the tonic and the other notes of the scale, and thus the fundamental principle of our system of harmony—the change of tonic and dominant chords—is based on natural laws, they are the consequences of the *organism* of our art. To what important observations this axiom leads you will see from my next letter.—Your affectionate

TEUTONIUS.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

HARGREAVES CHORAL SOCIETY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE following admirable selection was performed at the above Society's opening concert of its eighth season.

PART I.

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| Grand Mass in G, Solo parts by Misses Birch, Stewart, and Kenneth, Messrs St. Albin and Machin | C. M. von Weber. |
| Recitative, Miss Stewart, "Oh, let eternal honours;" | |
| Air, Miss Stewart, "From mighty kings," Judas Maccabæus | Handel. |
| Recitative, accompanied, Mr. Machin, "Rejoice, my countrymen;" Chorus, "Sing, oh ye heavens," Belshazzar | Handel. |
| Duet, Misses Birch and Stewart, and Chorus, "I waited for the Lord," Hymn of Praise | Mendelssohn. |
| Recitative, Mr. St. Albin, "And God created man;" | |
| Air, Mr. St. Albin, "In native worth," Creation | Haydn. |
| Solo, Miss Birch, and Chorus, "Alma Virgo" | Hummel. |

PART II.

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|---|------------|
| Selections from Grand Mass in D, "Kyrie" and "Gloria," Solo parts by Misses Birch, Stewart, and Kenneth, Messrs. St. Albin and Machin | Beethoven. |
| Recitative, Miss Birch, "Ye sacred priests;" Air, Miss Birch, "Farewell, ye limpid springs," Jephtha | Handel. |
| Trio, Misses Stewart and Kenneth and Mr. St. Albin, "O Jesu, pastor bonus" | Winter. |
| Recitative, Mr. Machin, "Straight opening;" Air, Mr. Machin, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," Creation | Haydn. |
| Quartet, Misses Birch and Kenneth, Messrs. St. Albin and Machin, "Quoniam tu solus;" Chorus, "Cum Sancto Spiritu," Mass No. 12 | Mozart. |
| Duet, Misses Birch and Stewart, "Qual' anelante" | Marcello. |
| Coronation Anthem | Handel. |

Although opposed to sacred selections in general (or rather so very much preferring an entire oratorio) we must say that the above programme did infinite credit to the taste of the musical committee and the vocalists, with whom in some degree also, we presume, the choice rests. The principal singers on this occasion were Miss Birch, Miss Stewart, a tenor of the name of St. Albin, and Mr. Machin. The first thing we noticed on entering the Free Trade Hall, in which these concerts are held, was the marked improvement in the appearance of the hall itself, especially at the orchestra end of it, a neat low balustrade having been carried along the front, which gives a finish to it, and the whole has been retouched and beautified to correspond with the orchestra itself and the decoration of the rest of the hall. A space underneath the galleries, on each side of the orchestra, too, has been thrown open, which gives better access to and from the end seats, adding both to the comfort and general appearance of the rooms. We were agreeably surprised to see such a numerous company present, having heard rumours of a falling off in the list of subscribers; perhaps, however, the announcement of so good a concert to begin the season with has had the good effect of increasing the list again, in order to enable parties to be present. Whatever the cause we have seldom seen a more numerous, and never a more respectable, audience at the Hargreaves concert. The performance was generally of a first-rate character, such as to add to rather than detract from the high standing to which this Society has attained. Weber's light and pleasing mass in G was well sung on all hands. It is very beautiful, but much more like the music of the opera than the church. The soli passages were well given by all the principals, assisted by Miss Kenneth. The only draw-

back was that the new tenor, Mr. St. Albin, shewed symptoms of weakness and incompetency even in the little he had to do. He is evidently very young, so we would not deal too harshly with him. Miss Birch and Mr. Machin were in excellent voice, and left nothing to be desired in their performance. We would not leave Miss Stewart or Miss Kenneth unnoticed, either. We thought they both sang very well. Miss Stewart's song was not well chosen. "From mighty Kings" is a song requiring great power, and has been so invariably given by all our greatest singers from Mrs. Salmon in her day to Miss Birch in ours, that we would advise any young lady to avoid the inevitable contrast that must be made to her disadvantage unless she possess powers and talents of the very highest order. In another sense it was not a good choice. Judas Maccabeus has been done entire this year at the Hargreaves, when the song was given so as no other living English singer that we know can give it in its proper place in the oratorio. Miss Stewart had to produce the effect she wished—to exert herself beyond her powers, and made a most objectionable wild sort of cadence at the close. Notwithstanding all this, she did more with this bravura kind of song than we could have supposed her capable of doing, and she has evidently made considerable advancement since she was with us last year. Let Miss Stewart not aim at such high flights, and she will continue to grow in favor with the Manchester public. Mr. Machin shewed great taste and judgment in his selections from Handel's *Belshazzar*—an oratorio rarely heard; and it served not only to shew his declamation to advantage in the recitative, but to bring out the Hargreaves choir in the noble chorus, "Sing, oh ye heavens." In the duet from the *Lobegesang* of Mendelssohn, Miss Birch was almost too powerful for Miss Stewart: it is a lovely composition, and with the slight exception we have noticed, was done justice to. The next air, as lovely a tenor song as ever was written, "In native worth," was too much for Mr. St. Albin; he is not yet strong enough to sing in this hall; we compensated ourselves by not listening to him, but to the accompaniments by the orchestra, in which Mr. Thorley's tones were delightfully heard on his violoncello. We could almost forgive an inexperienced singer in listening to music like this. Hummel's solo and chorus made a very satisfactory finish to the first part; Miss Birch was in excellent voice. Beethoven's mass in D, of which only the "Kyrie" and the "Gloria" were done, is too elaborate—too highly wrought—and too scientific for nineteen-twentieths of the Hargreaves audience; only the very few could appreciate it. It was 'caviare to the general;' consequently seemed to the majority long and tedious. We should be delighted to hear the entire mass, but in a concert of this kind there was perhaps sufficient mass music without even this portion of the one in D for most people present. It is a splendid work, and far more sacred in its character than many of Mozart's and Haydn's masses. In one portion only of the "Gloria" were we reminded of the glorious finale to *Fidelio*, but it was not out of character, on the contrary, quite suited to the "Deus vox celestis—Deus pater omnipotens" of the text. The principals and chorus got through their arduous duties with great credit; but instead of receiving the meed of applause they so richly merited, the bulk of the people seemed right glad it was over, and not a hand was lifted. We almost wished they had all learned to sing, and that they had once had a try to sing Beethoven's mass; then they might have felt and known its beauties, as well as have appreciated the excellence of its performance. Miss Birch charmed the audience into a delighted mood by her beautiful delivery of Handel's recitative and air from

Jephtha, "Ye sacred priests" and "Farewell, ye limped springs." We never heard anything more exquisite than

"Farewell, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain!"

finished by—

"Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love!"

The applause was the heartiest given—indeed, of the solos this was the gem of the evening. The music of Winter's trio seemed very familiar to us; it is very pleasing, but we fancy we have heard it to more secular words. Haydn's finely descriptive recitative from the *Creation* was admirably given by Mr. Machin; we never heard him to better effect, and he was equally at home in the air which followed, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone." We were again struck with the operatic character of mass music in the "Quoniam tu solus," from Mozart's No. 12. The first phrases we were sure we had heard in an operatic shape—but when? and in what opera? At last we had it; we had not the scene to refer to, but unless our memory and ears deceive us, it is note for note, with the opening phrase in a comic duet, from an opera by one Gnecco, yecept "La prova d'un Opera Seria," beginning "Oh! guardate, che figura." We did not think so much of the plagiarism (barefaced as it is Master Gnecco), as of the easy adaptation of a passage in one of Mozart's masses to a comic opera. The quartett and chorus were well sung on the whole, although the concerted music for the principals all the evening suffered somewhat from the inequality of the voices, and an apparent want of rehearsal together: not so the choruses, they were excellent. Miss Kenneth, from some reason or other, took Miss Stewart's place in "Qual anelante" with Miss Birch; it was well sung, but we have heard it done better. The coronation anthem closed the concert about a quarter past ten o'clock. The next concert, we suppose a miscellaneous one of the secular kind, we see is fixed for the 30th of November.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I FANCY the first word of the heading of this article might as well have been left out, for since my last communication we have been doing absolutely nothing in the musical way, while the Drama is in a very drooping state. At our amphitheatre we have the French Equestrian Company from the Cirque Nationale, Paris, under the direction of M. Dejean, who was wounded in three places during the insurrection in June, but who has happily recovered and appears as well as ever. This company of Equestrians, your readers may perhaps remember, made their first appearance in England, in Liverpool last season, where they were highly successful, their performances being nightly attended by admiring and respectable audiences. As they have appeared at Drury Lane, it will be unnecessary for me to describe their performances at length. The company, in addition to the clever and favorite artistes who were here last year, include several new persons, amongst whom I may mention, a little girl named Mademoiselle Berg, M. Bono, a wonderful rope dancer, Mademoiselle Paul, &c., and one of the most wonderful clowns I ever saw, named Mahomet. Mademoiselle Caroline is one of the stars of the company: she rides as gracefully as ever, and performs some of the most difficult evolutions of the menage with a bewitching grace, which words cannot express. Then there is

Auriol, as active and lively as ever, his son and young l'Eclair, whose eccentricities, practical jokes and broken English, have made him the favorite of the gods and pittites. In fact, the performances of the company are so varied, graceful, neat and clever, that it would take more space than you could spare to describe them: but suffice it to say, that they are unequalled, and can give equal pleasure to the high and the low, and the rich and the poor. They only stop here seven weeks altogether this season, as they appear at Drury Lane in Christmas week, when I strongly advise all *blasé* pleasure-seeking cocknies to spend a few hours viewing their wonderful feats. At our Theatre Royal the business is, and has been for weeks past very bad, and though Mr. Vandenhoff and his daughter have been playing their best parts there for the last fortnight, I am sorry to say that the audience have scarcely been numerous enough to pay the ordinary expenses. The dramatic season closes on Monday, with the benefit of Mr. James Browne, one of the cleverest actors in the world, and who is, as he ought to be, a great favorite here. After the close of the dramatic season, Pell and his serenaders, in company with Juba, appear at our Theatre Royal, but what their success will be I cannot say—ten to one they will fill the house, where Vandenhoff, the Keeleys, and others, have proved to us in attractive. So much for our taste for the drama; novelty is the *only* attraction, and this our managers ought to know by this time. Some day I can perhaps give you the true reason why the drama is so neglected in Liverpool. Our Liverpool theatre is at present admirably managed by Mr. James Rogers, who has got together a good company, and produces something novel almost every night, but as yet he has met with but average success. On Monday last he produced the burlesque of *Open Sesame*, in a very creditable manner, the forty thieves being personated by what the bills call "forty beautiful young ladies." Keeley's character of Hassarac was played by a Mr. H. Widdicombe, a son, I believe, of the "real old original," who formerly belonged to the Haymarket company. He acted with inimitable humour, and sung the parodies with great skill. His imitations of Kean, and the Italian Opera singers, were most admirable, and provoked unbounded laughter and applause. He has also appeared in several farces, but at present I have only seen him in the *Dancing Barber*, in which his personation of Narcissus Fitzprizzle was one of the most comical bits of acting I ever witnessed. He is also a capital dancer and sings with ease; he has much natural humour, while his appearance reminds you strongly of Buckstone, whom, however, he does not servilely imitate. I have been expecting to have had a visit from J. W. D., but I am afraid that he has quite forgotten such a humble individual as

J. H. N.

VIVIER AT BRUSSELS.

FETIS, the father, in a letter to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, treating of musical proceedings in Brussels, commences with the following account of the horn player, Vivier:—

"MY DEAR COLLABORATOR,—It is in the character of a reporter that I to-day address you, for I have to speak of many things relating to the activity of the musical world in Belgium. In the first place I shall tell you wonders of one of your most distinguished and original artists, who at last has just made himself heard in Brussels, after having passed six times through that city without deigning to make a stop. You perceive that it is to Vivier I allude.

In my youth I had faith in newspapers. At that time neither the puff-goodnatured, the attack-systematic, nor the

ca'me, ca'thee of good fellowship had been invented. Writers simply stated what they knew or what they believed. The journalist was not a great musician, but he was sincere; and when he gave an account of his own impressions, and of those of the public, his word might be relied on with entire confidence. Since that time we have made great progress in the art of arranging the truth with variations. In spite, therefore, of the unanimous concert of eulogies which Vivier had called forth, I held back my faith, well knowing the hyperbolic tendency of my brother critics, and waited ere I should believe the prodigies which had been so clamoured about, until my ears would bear witness to them. On this occasion I must confess that there is justice in what has been said of this artist's talent—a talent which rests upon qualities that insure success—namely, active and delicate sentiment, originality and skill in mechanism.

The new acoustical effects discovered by Vivier on the horn have gained him universal renown: they are assuredly very curious and worthy of attention, especially those double bass pedals, in which, by forcing the column of air to divide and move over twice the length of the instrument, a low octave is produced which does not naturally exist in the instrument; nevertheless, the merit of these discoveries, is, in my opinion, only an accessory to the talent of the artist. The art of singing, which he possesses in the highest degree, well felt expression and good taste, would constitute him an artist of the first rank, even though he should not be able to draw from his instrument those extraordinary effects which rouse the wonder of the public. I have heard him in private, with as much boldness as success, practice rapid exercises, going into keys unknown to the horn players of former days; but at a concert he judiciously keeps the instrument within its natural limits, and makes of it a sympathetic voice. He moves profoundly by an admirable portamento of sound, and by an imperceptible gradation of intonation previously unknown to all our best cornists. In the concert which he gave at Brussels he excited the most lively enthusiasm, among artists and amateurs, by these qualities, in the cantabile of one of his concertos, and in the serenade of Schubert; the most skilful singer could not have formed accents more true, more penetrating. In his *fantasie de chasse*, for several horns executed by him alone on his horn, he astonished his audience by his unknown and almost miraculous effects.

Vivier is not only a hero as an instrumentalist, he is also a very original composer, endowed with the faculty of inventing charming melodies, which he accompanies with *piquant* harmonies reveal a most felicitous instinct. What that astonishes is, that they all spring from a sentiment of melancholy little in accordance with the childish playfulness of this eccentric man, who spends the best part of his time in playing off practical jokes and blowing bubbles of soap. In his last voyage he has taken as companions an enormous tarentula,* a snake, and a rattlesnake, which it is his amusement to excite. You who are of his friends, I beseech you persuade him to renounce these caprices from which some misfortune may result.

* The gift of the author of the Life of Albert Smith.—See BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

JENNY LIND IN BIRMINGHAM.

(From the Birmingham Journal, October 28.)

A SECOND CONCERT of vocal and instrumental music was given last night, in the name of this accomplished and ad-

mirable vocalist, at the Town Hall, which attracted an audience of nearly 1200 persons—a number that, we are inclined to think, would have been doubled had the charges for admission been somewhat less extravagant. The programme of the performances consisted of almost entirely different pieces from those which were offered at the first concert in September, and the selection was, to our taste, not only better varied, but more generally excellent. On this occasion the audience were enabled to hear and admire Mdlle. Lind in three widely different schools of music—the glowing and passionate Mozart, the tender Bellini, and the original and eccentric Meyerbeer. The first performance of Mdlle. Lind was “Dove sono,” the impassioned complaint of the Countess Almaviva, one of the melodic gems of the incomparable *Figaro*, an opera in which we scarcely know whether most to admire the refinement of detail that characterises it throughout, or the lavish prodigality of melodies that spring from the genius of its author as wild flowers from a fertile soil. In this, and in the duet from *Don Giovanni*, “La ci darem la mano,” in which the combination of ardent courtship and half-willing consent are portrayed with such ideal delicacy, Mdlle. Jenny Lind displayed the classical feeling and simplicity of style indispensable to their correct interpretation. In the last she was assisted by Signor Belletti, a singer whose artistic qualities render him well fitted to execute such music in a manner satisfactory to the most educated ear. The contrast between these unaffected inspirations of Mozart and the two airs of the sentimental, though comparatively feeble, Bellini, was violent, but served for the glorification of the vocalist, who could so well maintain her hold over the minds of her auditors in the exposition of music conceived and written upon principles so utterly at variance with that in which she made her first impression. In the *Casta Diva*, the “Nightingale” inevitably suggested a comparison between herself and Grisi, the legitimate successor of Pasta as the delineator of lofty and passionate tragedy, and the representative of Norma *par excellence*. Justice compels us to own that in the *largo* of this famous aria Mdlle. Lind eclipsed, if not outshone, her illustrious rival. In the cantabile, which calls for a continued demonstration of the power of sustaining notes and submitting them at will to the various gradations of intensity, perhaps Mdlle. Lind never had a superior, while in the enunciation of phrases *mezza voce* she has equally won for herself the crown of supremacy. These rare qualities have enabled her to stand almost alone in the adagio, her only possible rival being Alboni, who in the cantabile, as in the florid rondo, is unsurpassable. In the cabaletta, or quick movement, of the “*Casta diva*,” however, we have heard many singers who have pleased us as much as Mdlle. Lind, and some that have pleased us more: it is wanting in that springy exultation which lends such irresistible attraction to Grisi’s interpretation, nor is the partial absence of enthusiasm atoned for by any exhibition of that rare finish which so often characterises the Swedish vocalist’s execution. The “*Ah, non giunge*,” the passionate ebullition of a devoted heart just awakened to new and unexpected happiness, one of Bellini’s most genial and spontaneous effusions, gives Mdlle. Lind an occasion to indulge in some of those prodigious feats of vocalisation that have placed her among the first of mechanical, as she is indisputably one of the first of expressive, singers. We have heard her execute it with more vigour and certainty, but it must not be forgotten that this brilliant aria is so exclusively dramatic that it loses half its effect in a concert room, while much depends upon the contrast afforded by the preceding *largo*, one of Jenny Lind’s vocal triumphs, which was not included in last night’s pro-

gramme. The difference between Bellini and Meyerbeer is quite as striking as the difference between Mozart and Bellini, and the ease with which Mdlle. Lind passed from the pretty sentimentality of the author of *La Sonnambula* to the daring and ingenious originality of the creator of *Robert le Diable* afforded another irrefutable proof of her facility and various accomplishment. Of the clever, but rambling, and not always intelligible trio from the *Camp of Silesia*, with its inexplicable double flute accompaniment, we have already, on a previous occasion, offered our opinion, an opinion which last night’s fresh experience gave us no plea for changing or even modifying. Suffice it, that as regards intonation, time unmeasured by the wand of rhythm, command of respiration, rapidity of utterance, and facile intermingling of the higher and lower registers of the voice, Mdlle. Jenny Lind’s execution of this difficult and most capricious composition is a veritable wonder of art. In the pretty air from *Robert*, which won for the now celebrated songstress the first enthusiastic suffrages of an English audience, Mdlle. Lind was as successful as ever; she sang it with a purity of style and an absence of redundant embellishment that added a new charm to its simplicity.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind’s reception was deserving of her high merits, and was a good exemplification of the genuine heartiness of the Birmingham public when moved by unquestionable excellence to unusual warmth of expression. She was encored in the air from *Robert*, the trio from the *Camp of Silesia*, and the “*Ah non giunge*,” she repeated the last movement of the trio, in which by the way she was inimitably accompanied by M. Remusat and Mr. King on the two flutes, and for the rondo from *Sonnambula* she substituted one of these delicious Swedish melodies to which she knows how to lend so great an attraction by the artless and genuine style of her delivery. The delight of the audience was unbounded, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs accompanied the cheers and plaudits that resounded from every corner of the building.

We must shortly dismiss the rest of the performances. Roger ranks first among the tenors of modern France. The mantle of Duprez has already descended upon his shoulders, and he is about to quit the *Opera Comique*, of which he has for some years been the main support, to occupy the position of his distinguished predecessor at the first lyrical and dramatic theatre in Paris, now nicknamed the *Theatre de la Nation*. M. Roger distinguished himself in more than one solo and concerted piece, but his chief displays were in Boieldieu’s air, “*Quel plaisir d’être soldat*,” and in Balfe’s popular ballad, “*Then you’ll remember me*,” from the *Bohemian Girl*. Into the first M. Roger infused a spirit and *entrain* that belong exclusively to the dramatic school in which he has been educated; in the last, however, he evinced a tenderness of expression that was quite exquisite, indulged in no ornament except one tasteful and legitimate *cadenza* at the conclusion, and pronounced the words with such clearness, emphasis, and absence of all strange accent, that it was difficult to imagine it was a Frenchman singing an English ballad. The audience encored M. Roger with the utmost warmth and unanimity, and he repeated the last couplet of the song with undiminished effect. One word of strong praise must serve for those excellent and careful artists, F. Lablache and Belletti, who did ample justice to the pieces allotted them in the programme, most of which were well known popular favorites.

We have no space left for a detailed notice of the instrumental portion of the concert, excellent as it was in many respects. Suffice it that solos on the oboe and violoncello were rendered to perfection by those accomplished executants,

Lavigne and Piatti, two of the greatest ornaments of her Majesty's Theatre; that a common-place fantasia for the clarinet was played in a common-place manner by Signor Belletti, (not the vocalist;) and that two overtures and a *pot pourri* were well played by the band, which was compact though small, under the conduct of that experienced and able musician, Balfe, who superintended the entire concert with his usual ability.

The general arrangements of the concert were managed in a most liberal and satisfactory manner, under the superintendence of Mr. C. Nugent, Mr. Lumley's indefatigable and polite representative. In regard to the accommodation accorded to the members of the press, Mr. Nugent's invariable behaviour offers an example which some of our local concert-speculators might follow, with advantage to themselves and satisfaction to those on whom they in no small degree depend for support.

MUSIC AND REVOLUTIONS IN ITALY.

(From a Correspondent.)

Louis Philippe had arrived in England, ordered a new wig and a copy of the *Musical World*, when I left London for Genoa, promising to give some account of matters musical in that land which I verily believe gave birth to your "esteemed journal." The line of parentage is very simple:—



Having established this important connexion, there needs no apology for the present epistle as far as music is concerned; and as for "Revolutions," if you can mention any country in Europe *without* them, you have slept ever since Feb. 24, 1848. As I passed through Paris, soon after this date, I must confess I did not feel much surprise at what I saw and heard. In some way or other Paris is, in my mind, connected with barricades, *emeutes*, *vivas*! and a *bas*! Even in the most quiet times, what with soldiers, their everlasting *rappels*, and exciting *bourgeoisie*, I have always felt that a revolution might break out at any time; the elements were there always; and the "some fine morning," might be just the very morning when you had come over to Paris for the peaceable intention of hearing somebody's new opera, and laying in a stock of kid gloves. But I must confess I was not prepared for this sort of thing in Italy. I had not, however, been long on board the steamer which took me from Marseilles, when my old friend, the *basso* of many Italian theatres, came up to me in a new costume. It was the dress of "Young Italy:" black hat and feather, a short coat, which would have inspired the Hebrew melodist of the city; a black belt, and a pair of trousers out of a genteel modern comic opera. He was not alone; there was the tenor that failed at La Scala two years ago, and three other gentlemen "studying for the profession." Pio Nono had effectually closed the theatres, and those who had fought so many terrific battles with *properly* swords, intended to try their hands with the real thing. I ventured to ask if we might expect a new opera, and if any new artist had appeared. The sneer and laugh which followed! The *viva*

Italia! which followed *that*, and the *Nono guerriero* in which I was requested to join, convinced me some mighty change had taken place.

During the night, as we steamed along the shores of the Mediterranean, several plans were suggested for driving the Austrians out of Italy, and many fine theatrical effects were produced. Savage words from *libretti*, and diabolical stage oaths cheered us into warlike enthusiasm. We smoked many cigars, and arranged the affairs of Europe before arriving at Genoa, where my musical friends left me for the crusade against the *barbari* (Austrian) population. As I strolled through the streets of Genoa, I found the people dressed in a pretty costume, "approved by Charles Albert," as the prints said. I mean the National Guard. I saw men exercising the use of the musket in tailors' shops; linen drapers behind the counter with full-grown *mustachios* and "approved" military cap, selling a tri-coloured shawl, or a handkerchief with a portrait of Pio Nono in the centre, and his life and adventures printed all round the same. There was my favourite theatre, the *Carlo Felici* white, and glittering white too, standing as proud as ever in the middle of the square. I looked at every corner for the *manifesto* of the opera, but read nothing but "orders of the day" for National Guards. The artists, fiddlers, dancers, scene-painters, they were all "gone to the wars."

And the newspapers? Here was a mighty change! When I left Italy, a few months since, nearly the whole peninsula was supplied with no other journals than those which told him about *prime donne*, operas, (new and old), and a *sciaramada*, which it was fatal to make out, because it always proved *too bad*. But now *L'Armonia*, and most other journals, are thorough-going war papers. Their *prima donna* is *L'Italia*; the chivalrous *tenor*, France; the wicked *basso*, Austria; the intriguing *baritone*, England; *coro*, Republican Germany. The Italian National Guards order their ices as usual. Little kings, and little dukes of grand duchies, may exclaim with King Henry IV.,—

"O, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold my riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?"

At Milan, I found *La Scala* closed. Here is all the new music I have met with.

Mandacini.—"Ai Valorosi Lombardi." Canto di Vittoria per le cinque gloriose giornate di Milano nel marzo, 1848. Natalucci.—"Due Inni Popolari," ad onore dell' immortale Pio IX. N. N.—"Canto Popolare del Milanese," dedicato agli Eroi delle cinque giornate. Parole di Luigi Mazzei. Pacini.—"La Ronda della Guardia Civica Veneziana." Inno. Panizza.—"Canto Guerriero per gli Italiani." "Il Voto d'una Donna Italiana." Parole di Carolina Viani-Visconti. "Pregiera d'una Madre Lombarda." Nottornino a voci sole per il popolo. Selli.—"La partenza per Lombardia." Canto guerriero del Velti Viterbesi. Parole di Carlo Matthey. Sieber.—(Svizzero). "Canto di Guerra," del Berchel per Coro d'uomini, senza accompagnamento; dedicato ai Prodi Lombardi. Troja.—"Omaggio delle Guardia Nazionali Lombarde all' Immortale Pio IX," rigeneratore dell' Italia. Poesia del Sacerdote A. Balsamo. Zerbi.—"Il Cantico di Battaglia dei Milanesi," nelle divine giornate, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, del mese di marzo nell'anno di grazia, 1848. Parole dell' Autore delle Melodie Italiane. "O giovani ardenti." Inno del Popolo. Agli Italiani.—"Canto Popolare di Guerra," adattato alla musica della Marsigliese da Luigi Pantaloni; eseguito dagli Italiani a Parigi. Pixis-Del Castillo.—"L'Indipendenza" Inno dedicato agli Eroi della Sicilia, Rieschi.—"Il 22 Marzo." Al Pio IX.; W. L'Italia; W. L'Indipendenza. Ananema all'Austria. Ronchetti.—"Inno Nazionale," in occasione delle solenni esequie dei morti nella Rivoluzione di Milano, scritto per ordine del Governo Provvisorio. Poesia di G. Carcano. "Il grido della Crociata. Rossini.—"Inno Popolare," a Pio IX. "Inno Nazionale," dedicato alla Legione Civica Romana mobilitata. Parole di Francesco Ilari. Ruta.—"Ai Fratelli Lombardi i Volontari Napoletani." Parole di Stefano Capocci.

You will perceive this is all fighting music, and a complete reflection of the spirit of the people. I saw a little of the fight between the Austrian and Charles Albert's army; the latter behaved well, and can beat the Austrians any day; but as for *volantari*, for whom some of those songs are written, they are only good to sing about the streets.

I arrived in Naples just in time for the street fight; when I saw the *prima donna*, Brambilla, firing on the 15th of May, from a balcony. My old friend, double drums of —, was on the barricades. Poor Taglioni, uncle to the lady of that name, whom, you know, was dreadfully wounded; but he yet lives, and is still directing the ballet of San Carlo.

San Carlo has just opened with *I Lombardi*. The *impresario* has got together as good a company as the times would admit of. The *prime donne* are Marietta Gazzaniga, Adelaide Basseggio, and Tadolini (the latter not yet arrived); *Tenori*, Agresti and Laudano; *Bassi*, Valli, Rodas, Arati, and Gionfridi. The *ballo* boast of Miss Fitz-James, Biondi, and many others little known beyond Italy. *Mercadante* is to give us a new opera.

I was really delighted to hear an opera once again, it seemed to remind one of olden times in Italy. For my part I like sham fighting much better than real street rows, and prefer patriotic songs from gentlemen dressed in property costumes, to what one hears from the *Corociati* of 1843. I must now close my epistle, with a promise to report from time to time (I hope in a more solemn way) the more solemn events of musical Italy.

Lablache is here. I mean the big one.

Naples, October 14, 1848.

E. N. B.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCESS'S.—A new candidate for tragic lyric honors appeared at this theatre on Monday evening, in the person of Mademoiselle de Roissi. The part chosen by the *debutante* was *Norma*; it need hardly be added, one of the most trying in the range of operatic performances. We ventured an opinion last week that our hopes were feeble of obtaining another *Grisi* in Mademoiselle de Roissi. Nor did we infer thus much without grounds of reason which by many would be received as sufficient. In the first place Mademoiselle de Roissi is a French singer, and as no French singer hitherto has proved herself comparable to *Grisi*, we were partly led to conclude that she would fall short of that incomparable singer—no unwarrantable conclusion it will readily be granted. In the next place we were led to infer that the fair *debutante* would fall short of the great Italian songstress, as she had not figured very prominently at the Academy, she being engaged there as *seconda donna* only, and even in that situation, not having achieved any very extraordinary success, at least such as to lead to lavish and exuberant eulogies in the Parisian journals. It may be averred that there is something ungenerous and unnecessary in thus attempting to couple the names of one of the greatest living artists and that of a *debutante*. We confess—it may be a sin in us—that we find it impossible to separate *Grisi* from *Norma*: the two are so identified that the recollection of the one as necessarily follows the other as shade follows light; or, more properly, the two are blended into one, and arise consentaneous and inseparable. But it does not follow that because Mademoiselle de Roissi is not *Grisi*, she must, therefore, be devoid of excellence. We have found fault with a far greater artist than the young lady in question for attempting the character which appears by right of genius to belong to *Grisi* alone: yet the artist in

question was one of extraordinary abilities. Mademoiselle de Roissi must pardon us for mentioning her thus far in what may seem an invidious manner, but we can assure the fair and talented vocalist that nothing was more remote from our intention than the endeavour, by sinister means, to depreciate a talent that has won our respect, if not our admiration.

Mademoiselle de Roissi's voice is a high *soprano*—almost too high for *Norma*, the music of which being written for *Pasta*, is better suited to a *mezzo soprano*. In quality it is deficient in sweetness, and is something shrill and wiry. It is quite free from that throatiness of sound, an invariable characteristic of French voices, which, had we no evidence to the contrary, would lead us to suppose, that Mdlle. de Roissi had studied vocalization in Italy, or had derived her home instructions from an Italian teacher. The fair artist exhibits much skill in her singing, having brought her voice under great control, her execution being neat, well articulated, and finished. To these favorable qualities, she adds an amount of energy not always encountered in the best singers, and an abundance of feeling, though not always within the bounds of management. Mdlle. de Roissi errs on the side of extravagance, and here only she betrays an evidence of the French school. The continual endeavour to do something grand; the mania to shine incessantly, are apparent in almost all her efforts. It was this struggle to produce effect without relief, that militated against her first movement of the "*Costa diva*," which, in other respects, was really a highly commendable specimen of vocalization, and was entitled to the *encore* it received. In her first duet with *Adalgisa*, Mdlle. de Roissi betokened some amendment in her extravagance, and exhibited her best vocal effort of the evening. The scene in the trio concluding the first act failed from want of power of voice, and that overwhelming momentum of passion and abstraction which we believe one artist alone of the present day can embody with truth and reality. For having failed in this instance, Mdlle. de Roissi may console herself that some of the greatest vocalists of the age have been found incompetent and inefficient. In the second act the best vocal effort of the *debutante* was in the favorite duet, "*Deh! leon te*," though exceptionable for the faults we have shown above. The duet, however, obtained an *encore*, which must be mainly attributed to one of the clap-trap double cadences, which is a sin we have had occasion to reprove in better singers than Mdlle. de Roissi, and on a loftier arena than that of the Princess's theatre. In the last scene the fair artist did not evince that depth of feeling, or intensity of pathos, we should have desired in the representation of the heart-broken druidess. The scene, assuredly, is beyond the capacity of any vocalist, unless she be endowed with the true light of genius, and unless that genius be vivified by the most consummate art.

Of Mdlle. de Roissi's acting we are bound to speak in far less terms of commendation than of her singing. In her histrionic efforts the artist evidences the vices of the French school to a much greater extent than she does in her vocalization. Her gestures are angular and devoid of grace, her motions sinuous and abrupt, and her deportment painfully induced with exertions to seem natural under the varied influence of conflicting emotions. The truthful embodiment of *Norma* is entirely beyond the powers of Mdlle. de Roissi, and we look upon it as little less than a sacrifice of her talents to produce her in such a part. Had she come out in a character more in accordance with her powers and abilities we have no doubt the fair *debutante* would have made more than a favorable impression; as it is, she must stand or fall by her ambitious attempt. That Mdlle. de Roissi has achieved a

great success, as far as public applause, and frequent recalls, and bouquets, &c., may vouch, is set down by us as simply nought. It must not, however, be concealed that the fair candidate laboured under the most painful circumstances. We can imagine nothing more distressing to a vocalist than to sing for the first time in a language of which she knows not the meaning of a single word, the pronunciation of which is totally opposed to that of her native tongue, and involves difficulties of utterance almost insurmountable, and with this obstruction staring her in the teeth, to illustrate a passion with words she cannot comprehend, and to convey sentiments in phrases she can merely mumble. Under such afflicting circumstances Mdlle. de Roissi appeared before an English public on Monday, and for such reasons would we have been more circumspect in our strictures, did we not conscientiously believe that there was no stringent necessity for bringing Mdlle. de Roissi to the Princess's theatre, at least until she had been taught to speak one word of English correctly. We trust that in the next opera in which the fair artist appears, we shall be placed in a situation to do more justice to her merits, of which, although we may seem to criticise them with too minute a pen, none can be more sensible than ourselves.

The other performers in *Norma* are deserving of honourable mention. Mr. Allen's "Pollio" was excellent throughout, although the unmusical words adopted in the translation necessitated the dragging of his time, especially in the recitatives, which is a fault we had never occasion previously to find with this thorough musician. Mr. Allen's performance, both vocal and histrionic, was worthy his talents.

The music of "Adalgisa" is far too high for Miss Poole; nevertheless she acquitted herself more than creditably in the part. She sung her portion of the three duets with great care, and occasionally, despite the strain on the upper register of her voice, with much effect. Miss Poole has an organ of great purity and sweetness, and her singing evidences taste and skill; nevertheless she has a habit of dividing her syllables, if it may be called so, that deteriorates from the effect she would otherwise produce. For instance, the word *de-sire*, which, according to lexicographers in general, we take to be dis-syllabic, is, in her pronunciation, rendered *de-si-cr-a*, which, however it may be termed making the most of a word, is opposed to the received notions of correct speaking. We have pointed out this fault in Miss Poole's pronunciation rather with a view to its amendment than from any hyper-critical desire to discover a flaw in the singing of so very clever an artist.

Mr. Weiss was admirable as Oroveso. He sang with vigor and power, and was one of the main-stays of the performance. We are pleased to accord unqualified praise to this rising vocalist.

The orchestra and chorus were hardly as well up to the mark as in *Leoline*. Their duties were far more arduous in Bellini's music than in Mons. Flotow's: nevertheless, we have no doubt a few performances will render them more steady and efficient.

MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A CAPITAL and well-ordered Concert took place at the Town Hall on Wednesday, October the 25th, which was fashionably attended. The singers were Miss Wallace, sister the popular composer, Miss Kell, Herr Muller, Herr Gold-

berg, and Herr Wehle: the instrumentalists, Madame Goffrie (piano), Herr Goffrie (violin), and Jarrett (horn).

A quartet of Haydn's commenced the entertainment. This demands no especial mention. Miss Wallace sang Bellini's "Qui la voce," with considerable brilliancy and produced a great effect on her hearers. She was equally happy in "Scenes that are brightest;" which won a deserved encore. A song, and a pretty one, too, composed expressly for her by Herr Schmidt, with horn obligato by Jarrett, was immensely applauded. Miss Wallace has made a highly successful debut at Brighton. Madame Goffrie is a most excellent pianist. She played with great success two solos and two duos, in all of which she proved herself an admirable executant, and a thorough musician. Madame Goffrie greatly delighted her hearers, and would certainly become a favorite with the public should her services be made available at Brighton. It is not necessary to allude to Mr. Goffrie's performances. His talents as one of our ablest violinists, are well-known to your readers. The concert, conducted by Herr W. Kuhe, gave universal satisfaction.

Jenny Lind has been here, I shall send an account next week.

ON THE ANIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF MENDELSSOHN.

NOVEMBER 7, 1847.

The skies are cold, the stars are wan
Since thou didst pass away,
Never, in memory of man
Such Glory had decay!
Returning winter bids us weep
For that its last long shade
Thy young and glorious grave did sleep
Where thousand hopes were laid.

Oh! where abides that Glory now?
On what bright souls arise
The ghostly beauty of thy Brow,
Thy deep adoring eyes!
Oh! doth thy mighty Spirit make
New Heavens in Heaven afar,—
Or rest, till all things new awake
Alone, still-shining star?

Though sorrow brings not Thee again
Who shall forbid our grief?
Our life-distilling tears of pain
Fell with each falling leaf;
For in our worship Thee, we thought
Immortal as divine;
Nor deemed the home thy music sought
So early should be Thine.

Yea, because Music languisheth
For Thee her strongest stay
We rend our hearts to mark thy death
On its returning day.
Sad echo of a sadder song,
Be this our fresh lament;
Proud its complaint to pour so long
Unanswered, yet unspent.

None has forgotten, none can wake
From the surpassing woe;
All learned that sorrow for thy sake,
It taught all tears to flow.
And as the dread day dawns that drew
Thy spirit to its rest,
It seems the seasons as they flew
Have known to mourn thee best.

Sad was the Winter, long and drear
E'en as the sleep of death;
Like death her long dark night of fear,
Her bound and frozen breath—
Her raging winds that found no peace,
No leaves to fondle free,
Told how their sorrow could not cease
Who wept for loss of thee.

Sad was the spring, faintstruck with pain,
Thy purer spring was o'er!
She listened for thy voice in vain
With those who heard no more!
How languid was her sunny gleam,
How deep her twilight fall!
How wide she wove her violet-dream,
One mourning-wreath for all.

Sad was the summer, for she missed
Thy shadow all her hours:
The brow that her sweet breezes kissed,
Thy smile upon her flowers.
The fire that mingled with her own,
From thine, aspiring high,
Thy music soaring from her throne
The chorus, or the sigh.

But Autumn lingered long—her wing
More kindly wafted by:
Long did her golden garlands cling,
Long smiled her fading sky:
To soften the reminding spell
We dreaded, yearned to flee—
Our late, long-lingering, last farewell
To music's hope—to Thee!

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THIS is the true age of exaggeration, and Jullien knows it. The public are no longer satisfied with the tame pleasure of our ancestors: their appetites are changed: they have passed the equinox of taste, their sensorium is palled, and now they require spices, hot peppers, and curries from far Ind, or Perse, to make their food find favor in their palates. This craving for newness and strangeness, this thirst for surprises has crept into our amusements, pervades our literature, and has turned the currents of our feelings into new channels. From this thirst has originated the plays of Victor Hugo, the novels of "Alexandre Dumas," "Frederick Soulier," "Eugene Sue," and others of the French school, together with those of our own manufacture, such as belong to Harrison Ainsworth, and his kind. From this has arisen Meyerbeer's, Halevy's, and Verdi's music, French declamatory singing, and all those excrecences and exuberances of style, which have founded the, significantly called, "tear-my-hair school." The mob is a many-headed monster—a most insatiate monster—a most changing monster, and must be fed according to his appetites. Woe unto the promulgator of art, such as despise this monster—an absolute monster! Fame, save posthumous, can never be theirs, the monster wont allow it—a niggardly monster: money will not flow, the monster will not bestow it—a penurious monster: and quiet and repose shall be denied them for ever and for ever by the loud scurrilities of the monster—a brawling and avengeful monster. And yet is the monster no untameable monster—a docile and tractable monster; but he must be fed with cates, dainty, and high-spiced, and the spices must needs be varied, and the pungency increased, else will the monster turn restive and show his spleen—a pancreatic monster! How of all those, and their number is legion, who have studied to do the monster service, and to render the monster pleased with himself, and gratified and satisfactorily delighted, we may mention Mr. Jullien as first and best. No one else has been so ready to consult his inclinations, and follow his desires, and, still more, no one else has had that quick and happy foresight which anticipated his utmost wishes, and gave him what he required before he knew he required it. But Jullien, in all his catering, has not shown himself overweening or subservient to the mob. He has not tickled his whiskers, nor given him false meats to humor him. While he endeavoured to please him he did not truckle to his fantasies, nor bend to his caprices. Nay, he did more; he lured

him by pleasing measures to instruction's ways; and lent him knowledge while he thought he was merely gaining amusement. So much for Mons. Jullien in general; and now for Mons. Jullien in particular, as regards the opening of his concerts, which took place last night.

Perhaps such another exhibition as was witnessed last night at Drury Lane never occurred within the walls of any theatre, and such another crowd has seldom congregated in any building. Ten minutes after the doors were open every nook and corner of the theatre was occupied, and as early as eight o'clock bills were posted without the doors and in the lobbies informing the public that there was no room, and that no more visitors could be admitted. In the grand lobby, entered from Bridges-street, hundreds were parading up and down, while the various places where the money takers ensconce themselves were besieged by entreating applicants. Within, the theatre presented the aspect of an enormous mass of moving, or rather, unmoving humanity; for, saving a swaying, or undulating of the body from side to side, there was no room to stir, so densely were the visitors packed. Jullien's entrance into the orchestra was the signal for a burst of applause that was positively deafening. Such a cheer seemed to rouse the dormant echos of Old Drury, and again and again were the plaudits renewed and prolonged for the popular conductor.

We have not time to specify the individual performances. They consisted of the usual selection, made up to please the amateur as much as the connoisseur. A few novelties, however, demand a cursory notice. First there was a new solo for the Cornet-a-pistons, a very clever song, called "Solitude," by a Mademoiselle Angellina, most delightfully played by Herr Kenig, and encored. Then there was the new arrangement of "God save the Queen," of which we shall speak incontinently: and lastly, the adaptation from the *Hugenots*, in which the *finale* to the "Benediction of the Poignards," executed by the four military bands and the orchestra, produced an astonishing sensation, and was repeated. We must also give a passing word to Miss Miran for her pleasing and neat delivery of two songs—the one, Alboni's "Brindisi;" the other, Balfe's romanza from the *Maid of Honor*. Nor would it be fair to omit from especial eulogy on this occasion, Mr. Richardson, who played a *fantasie* on the flute with wonderful brilliancy and finish.

Though the performance of "God save the Queen" be altogether indescribable, we must endeavour to give some faint idea of the impression it produced upon the public. Let the reader imagine a regular grand orchestra of one hundred performers; let him then fancy the addition of four military bands, with their side drums and other thundering appurtenances; let him then conceive the further addition of two hundred choristers, the whole roaring and bawling out, *fortissimo*, through their voices and instruments, the very spirit of loyalty in the National Anthem, and then he cannot have the most remote idea of the effect produced by Jullien's arrangement of "God save the Queen." After the performance an encore was the inevitable result, and by degrees the audience seemed to be worked into a state of frenzy that defies description. Again, at the conclusion, was the national anthem re-demanded, which Mons. Jullien at first paying no attention to originated an outbreak of feeling which would have terminated in a row but for the compliance of the conductor. But the audience was hardly satisfied with the third repetition, and would have had it a fourth time, but for very shame; and as it was the house divided itself into parties, and each party gave vent to its loyalty in shouting "God save the Queen," or "Rule Britannia."

Such a scene we never witnessed before. Never shall we forget the appearance the house presented when, at the end of the first performance, the whole house appeared a quivering atmosphere of hats, shawls, kerchiefs, bonnets, sticks, and play-bills. Never shall we forget the sensation caused by the screams of the women, when the uproar began to show itself, and their climbing into the orchestra, and scaling the boxes, assisted by some more gentle individuals of the male sex, who preferred offering their protection to woman to exhibiting ebullitions of loyalty in doubtful vociferations.

At the end of the performance Jullien was again hailed with cheer after cheer, and the gathering at last dispersed to cool themselves with reflections and hot suppers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PROGRESSIVE CADENCES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—If there is any one thing more than another of which a reasonable man may be justly proud, it is surely when, by any act, he has been the means, however humble, of bringing before the public, that, which may enlighten and improve it. In the various communications which have appeared in the Musical World on Progressive Cadences, and which, to a considerable extent, have been evoked by the eccentric vagaries of my Hudibrastical friend, French Flowers, it has been peculiarly gratifying to me, as well as to very many of your readers, that the sound reasoning powers—combining theoretical laws with practical illustrations—have been elicited from a Barnett, and that a new and valuable correspondent has appeared on the topic in discussion. Teutonium has most ably proved himself a theorist of no common stamp, or order, perfectly qualified to meet him who seeks

"to win our praise
"For to a branch of art he did a system raise!"

and his (Teutonium's) letters on Progressive cadences, &c., and on the Vocal System, vouch for the truth of my remarks. It has been fortunate for the very Lewenhoeck of theoretical mysticism that my quiet and unpretended illustrations of cadences abounded in so many grave and important errors—a reference to the "errata" would have satisfied any other appetite but his. I have heard of an individual who could breakfast off clasp knives, and dine off carvers, and I have no doubt with the gastric juice of a Flowers, that files, saws, and hatchets, might be occasionally taken in, as whets to his musical criticism. The four species of cadence were well and fairly illustrated in my Ms., there were eight species of perfect, two of imperfect, two of interrupted, and two of deceptive cadences, &c. I also disclaimed all pretensions to them, for they are well known, and the common property of every student, as is the theory of Progressive cadences, so strangely and absurdly denied by French Flowers. "A systematic and severe analysis of cadence leads to questions of the greatest interest to those who admire classical music," so says Mr. Flowers: perhaps it may be unfair to ask how the immortal Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Kinch, and Mendelssohn got on without arithmetical progression. Teutonium says "that Mendelssohn's buoyant spirit withered for years under the pressure of Zelter's iron-rule," that "even Beethoven submitted to have his wings cut by the methodical doctrine of Albrechtsberger," and as a purifier of the "holy fire" and "blazing flame" it was well. It is to this point I would arrive. I am no depiser of rule, of method, or of laws affecting a science which have been adapted to music. Music is an art, as well as a science, and the prevailing error seems ever to be that which would arrogate to the latter, all that belongs to the former; or at least invade its territories most unseemingly. But it is "the prerogative of genius to trample on difficulties," and it has been reserved for the genius of a Flowers to prove it! He has absolutely "a new idea!" back! back ye hungry and thirsty aspirants for musical knowledge, be your throats ever so dry, your lips ever so parched, this great monopolist of a "new idea" will not relieve you! no! he reserves it for his forthcoming work. "I have no intention of explaining it ("a new idea") in this journal," says this discoverer of mares-nests, and exemplar of "mountains in labor," I shall reserve it for my forthcoming work!—What a "stunning" sensation must this impart to the delivery!—are we dogs! that our mouths water at the bare thought? Oh, French Flowers be not so cruel! observe, thou reserved man, a hungry dog when you present to him a nice piece

of liver and withdraw it again. See how the contemplation gloats in his eye, and stimulates the salivary glands, till the chemical fluid distils over both sides of his chops in copious floods. Thus does nature teach us to lick our lips at the mere sight of acceptable victuals, and prepare, kind creature, a menstruum to render the savory dish perfectly safe and nutritive. "Wait a little longer" says the song, and French Flowers; "that which would have been a seventh heaven to *l'homme blasé* shall not be yours! not even a sop ad interim,—but to the purchasers of my new book, shall be given "a new idea!" Your correspondent French Flowers is a wonderful expounder of the capacity and mental deficiencies of man. He talks of "set systems," "ships without rudders," and "shallow points," with as much facility, as if scales, miles, and compasses were at his finger's end! Nothing surely can be more absurd than to establish a rule of weight and measure upon individual powers, yet would he put the names of the pupils of a Vogler in on scale against those great and sublime authors, who have never had the benefit of arithmetical calculation and progression, in the other. According to his views, all professors who have not had this boon are lost, they are even shipwrecked amid the shallows. It would, nevertheless seem, that to attempt to establish a universal standard for that conglomeration, yclept musical science is hopeless; and about as absurd in its construction, as the practice of the philosophical tailors of Laputa, who, wrought by mathematical calculation, and entertained a supreme contempt for those humble and illiterate fashioners who went to work by measuring the person of their customer; but Gulliver tells us, that the worst clothes he ever wore, were constructed on abstract principles.

Let me not be misunderstood. The theoretical works of Albrechtsberger, of Gothfried Weber, of the Abbe Vogler, as far as they are published, and some of his own MSS. with Reicha, Choron, Cherubini, and others have their place in my humble library, have been ever objects of careful study and reflection, and they have no sincerer admirers than myself. If the united endeavours of a Barnett, a Teutonium, a Flowers, and a Molineux, could succeed in giving a clear, solid, and just exposition of any system that may truly become a standard work for this and all other ages, they will have deserved well of their country.

"Inventions," and "new ideas" are important things now-a-days in any science. It requires no little ingenuity on the part of a fugue writer, or even an essayist on fugue, to produce a correct, melodious, and original subject for double counterpoint; whether, of the octave, which is the most simple and natural, or the twelfth and fourteenth, which are more interesting as well as the others I need not name. A mere acquaintance with theoretical laws and principles we find hardly sufficient for its production, though it forms one of the most important branches of harmony. This is often painfully perceptible, but never more so than when playing the crude and vague attempts at fugue writing of one, who is, marabile dictu! ambitious of being considered the only authority in the empire on contrapuntal doctrines. With this conclusion in ferentia I have the honour to be your most obliged servant,

WILLIAM ASPULL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. SAINTON.—We mis-stated the exact position to which this excellent artist has been appointed in the Royal service. M. Sainton is *Conductor of the State Band, and Principal or Solo violinist to the Queen*. One more able or zealous could not hardly have been chosen for so honourable an office. We were correct in assigning to Mr. Hill the post of Principal viola. We see by the *Court Circular*, that quartets have already been introduced into the Royal programme.

THE BRAHAMS.—In recording the successful debut of Charles Braham, the tenor, at the Princess's Theatre, the *Cheltenham Chronicle* adds:—"His brother, Hamilton Braham, who possesses a baritone, or high bass voice, is at Leipsig, studying under Moscheles, at the Conservatoire. It is now sixty one years since Braham made his first appearance on the stage; he was then just turned twelve years of age. It will be gratifying to his old friends and admirers to learn that he is resting on his well-earned laurels, enjoying every comfort this life can afford, through the filial care of his eldest daughter, Frances, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, who was married a few months ago to G. Harcourt, Esq., son of the late venerable Archbishop of York."

HENRY PANOFKA.—This accomplished composer, violinist, and critic, has just become located among us, for the purpose of exercising his profession. Mr. Panofka is a composer of great fancy and taste; and both his violin and pianoforte playing combine in an eminent degree the qualities of expression and style. He is at once an acute and amusingly gossiping critic, as his essays and notices in some of the leading Paris journals testify. We believe a series of essays on the musical institutions of Manchester, may shortly be expected from his pen—to appear in the *Revue Musicale* of Paris.—*Manchester Guardian*.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL OF 1849.—The Festival committee have already fixed the days on which the next meeting will be held. It is proposed that it should take place on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of September, in next year. Signor Costa has been appointed conductor.—*Birmingham Journal*.

MR. AND MISS VANDENHOFF have been performing some of their favorite characters at the Liverpool Theatre, during the last week, with great success.

MR. J. QUINCY WETHERBEE, of the Royal Academy of Music, is delivering a course of four lectures on vocal expression, with musical illustrations, at the Manchester *Athenæum* with considerable success. Mr. Wetherbee is his own illustrator, and Mr. D. W. Barks presides at the pianoforte.

MADAME WARTON is "posing" at the Corn Exchange, Birmingham, to full audiences. The *Birmingham Journal* is in raptures with her. "The most beautiful," says the intelligent writer, "of the series of pictures are the single figure subjects, wherein Madame Warton personates the "Innocence" of Fraikin, the "Venus" of Titian, and "Diana." Her figure is the perfection of womanly elegance and symmetry; the lines flowing and graceful like those in the finest figures of Etty, but purer and more perfect. The face modest and expressive; sometimes, as in "Diana"—the most beautiful of the series—cold and chaste; in "Innocence," simple and loving; in "Venus," vivacious and piquant. Her pose is always graceful and easy and the pictures matchless in their ensemble." Professor Warton also comes in for his share of adulation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. EDMOND BAXTER.—We should have much pleasure in inserting his clever letter, but it would only serve to renew the controversy with increased fury, a consummation devoutly to be eschewed.

H. W.—A short critical account of Mendelssohn's early career may be found in the Biographical Dictionary of Fétis; but this by no means renders justice to his genius. The *Athenæum* newspaper contained, in the number that appeared on the Saturday of the same week or the week after Mendelssohn's death, an article of great interest, evidently from the pen of one intimately acquainted with the lamented composer, and who warmly appreciated his unrivalled talents. In the *Atlas* of the same period was also a long article, but we cannot sympathise with the critical part of it. In the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* and the *La France Musicale* articles also appeared about a week later—neither of any great value as matter of criticism, and in feeling cold, as preceding from men and from a nation who knew little or nothing of Mendelssohn. In the great German musical lexicon (of which we forget the title) is also a biographical and critical article, but this was published whilst Mendelssohn was yet a very young man, and of course has nothing in reference to his maturer age. In the *Times* appeared two articles, one about four days after his death, the other the day after the performance of *Elijah* at Exeter Hall in honor of his memory. Is H. W. aware that many articles have appeared in these pages on the same subject, and that an analysis of *Elijah*, which occupied several numbers, from the pen of the Editor, was published in the summer of 1847? We shall be glad to look out the numbers for our correspondent.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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MUSIC.

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